

HISTORIC GARDENS OF NEW ENGLAND

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND



MENTOR GRAVURES

LONGFELLOW'S
GARDEN

THE HOFFMAN
GARDEN

THE PEABODY
GARDEN



THE GREEN ARBOR
IN THE PERRY
GARDEN



MENTOR GRAVURES

THE MOULTON
GARDEN

THE DERBY
GARDEN

THE WENDELL
GARDEN



This was made when
the house at Newburyport,
Mass., was built, about 1750

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"God Almighty first planted a garden. And, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man. Men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection."

—Lord Bacon.

WHEREVER the early explorers and colonists approached the shores of America, from the sandy beaches of Florida to the rock-bound coast of New England, they were greeted with the sweet fragrance of flowers and shrubs and trees. Barlow, one of the commanders of Raleigh's expedition, wrote of that landing: "We smelt so sweet and strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden. The woods were not such as we find in Europe, barren and fruitless, but the highest and reddest cedars, pines, cypresses, and many others of excellent quality. Of grapes we found such a plenty climbing over every shrub and tree and down to the very water's edge, I think in all the world there is not the like in abundance." Similar accounts of the New World were sent from every point the wanderers touched—a verdant, blooming land indeed!

As the wilderness was cleared before the encroaching settlements, fruit and vegetables were planted in the enclosures about the houses. The urgent call of necessity to stock the larder and to earn a livelihood, left

the colonists no time for the cultivation of purely ornamental flowers. But it is more than probable that many of the earliest gardens harbored a slip or tender seedling of some cherished bloom that wives and daughters brought with their household goods, to remind them of their old homes beyond the sea. As living became easier, more time could be devoted to the cultivation of flowers.

HERB AND KITCHEN GARDENS

The intolerant religion of the Puritans forbade the indulgence of joy and gaiety in gardens, as in all things else. Orchards, small fruit and vegetable gardens were planted, and the herb garden near the kitchen was the especial care of housewives. But a garden wherein nothing grew that was not useful might at the same time boast many lovely flowers. On the earliest lists of sweet and bitter herbs for the stew-pot and the medicine-chest were thyme, pennyroyal, marjoram,

anise, marigold, feverfew, coriander, rosemary, rue and lavender. There were also barberries, and roses for distilling. These alone afforded a wealth of fragrant bloom and delightful color. The oldest gardens, therefore, must have been very pleasant plots indeed. There was little plan to them. The plants were generally grown on each side of a straight walk.

EARLY FLOWER GARDENS

After a time the bit of ground before the house, which was set back from the street within a picket fence, was taken in charge by the housewife and spaded and raked and planted with flowers valued solely for



A CLUMP OF PEONIES

In the Low Cabot Garden



A JUMBLE OF FLOWERS

At "The Lindens," Danvers, Mass. This was at one time the headquarters of General Gage

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their beauty and rarity. Occasionally along some village street we still find traces of these old front door-yards. They were the "company" gardens, planted for show, trim, dignified little beds of flowers behind their stiff box-wood edgings, and damp in the shade of the heavy elm, or cedar, that guarded the entrance. The little square plots, divided with geometrical precision, bordered the entrance walk or displayed neat patterns beneath the windows. Here grew lilies-of-the-valley, blue and yellow flags, pinks and periwinkles, larkspur and tulips. In the sunny spots



THE SALTONS-TALL PERGOLA

A quaint and unusual pergola at Salem, Mass. At one time it was known as the Green Arbor



nestled the spring bulbs; a white, or purple, lilac nodded over the fence; and the strawberry shrub and the snow-ball bush adorned the corners.

When the struggle of pioneer days was over and an era of wealth and affluence followed, people began to beautify their homes and surroundings. Part of the land near the house was reserved for pleasure-grounds and was enclosed with high fences. There was no pretence at elaborate design in the planting of the flowers; but occasionally we find old gardens where box-bordered beds in squares, or circles, are placed on each side of the central path. Of flowers and shrubs there was great variety. Against the white fence the stately hollyhock nodded its bloom to greet the bright phlox; and the blue larkspur made pleasant harmony against a border of spicy Scotch pinks, foxgloves, Sweet Williams, Canterbury Bells, wall-flowers, rockets, candy-tuft, Crown Imperial, and the beloved oldtime "Piny" (peony). Frequently, a gravel-path, bordered on either side by box, led to a summer house, or green arbor, in the rear.

Over the summer house the broad-leaved Dutchman's Pipe, clamored to mingle with the pink moss rose and the delicate white and yellow

Scotch roses. The latter, lasting after many other flowers had ceased to bloom, seemed like a dash of golden sunshine in the fading colors of the garden.

The summer house was usually a simple little building of latticework; but, sometimes, it was more substantial and elaborately decorated and carved. Here the fair hostess and her friends used to come on summer afternoons to rest and chat over a cup of tea and look out upon the beauties of the garden.

In the designs of many of these old New England gardens Dutch influence is evident. It is hard to tell whether it came through England in the days when that country was copying the ideas of

Holland, or whether it was brought directly from New Amsterdam.

Dutch taste demanded regular, even divisions of the ground into squares and circles, squares within the squares, and squares about a circle, oblongs and ovals. These gardens were enclosed in open fences of lattice, or wood, or iron-work. The flower-beds were neat, precise and orderly. Each variety of flower was usually grown in a bed by itself and kept exact and neat within the border.

GARDENS IN THE SOUTHERN COLONIES

In the Southern Colonies there was a different type of garden. The Southern colonists were, generally speaking, men of rank and wealth, sons of gentlemen and lords; and they lived, not in towns and villages, but on great plantations. There were few cottages with tiny gardens. Manor houses and park-like enclosures appeared in the earliest days. The pleasure-grounds were fashioned somewhat after the Elizabethan style which prevailed when the Colonists left England, and, as a rule, they were planned by the architect who designed the house. Thus house and garden were parts of an elaborate design, balancing each other in harmony. If the house was square, or oblong, the garden enclosure followed the lines



THE OLD PICKERING HOUSE AND GARDEN

The home of Colonel Timothy Pickering. It was built in 1651, and is one of the landmarks of Salem, Mass.

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of the house. Terraces and broad steps led from one level to the next; and straight gravel, or grass-paved, walks, intersecting at right angles, divided the grounds into rectangular plots. These spaces were filled with grass, or box-bordered "knots" and mazes. The terraces, supported by grass banks or low walls, afforded pleasant promenades from which to view the whole. Shaded walks, and walks between high and neatly clipped hedges passed through "green galleries" and bowers. Some of these bowers were merely rude supports for training vines; others were pergolas of white posts and cross beams that formed an archway sometimes twenty feet wide and a hundred long.

QUAKER GARDENS

The gardens of the Quakers in Pennsylvania had an individuality of



THE NICHOLLS ARCH

In the Nicholls Garden at Salem, Mass. This is a genuine old-fashioned garden

of their own. Towns were laid out so that each house might have ample room for a garden; and it was required that the garden should be placed in the center of the lot so the effect of the whole might be that of a green park. In front of the houses double rows and avenues of trees were planted to follow the line of the long, low buildings. Behind them were the gardens and pleasure-grounds screened by high walls and fences. Some of the most beautiful gardens of the New World were planted in these broad, peaceful estates of the Quakers. Old-fashioned flowers and shrubs grew in profusion, carefully confined within their borders and trained to obey their mistress's will.

SHOW GARDENS OF BOSTON

It is a long leap from the little beds of transplanted wild flowers



AN OLD TIME PERGOLA OVERGROWN WITH WISTERIA

In the garden of Miss Susan Osgood

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that thrived beside the log cabins of the Massachusetts settlers, to the gorgeous peristyled gardens of the Twentieth Century that adorn the North Shore today. One of the first accounts of early American gardens was given in 1672 by John Josselyn, who made a study of New England flowers and plants. These first gardens consisted, as we have seen, of simple little beds laid out in woodland clearings close by the simple houses.

Here flowers from the woods became acquainted, and seeds and plants that had been brought from England. Even in the early days of the

country's history there were a few rich homes. The Governors of all the colonies lived well and, doubtless, had plenty of flowers to beautify their grounds. As the country prospered, rich homes and gardens increased. By the middle of the eighteenth century show-places abounded in New England, particularly in Massachusetts, the parent State. Boston, of course, was famed for its gardens. That of the Hancock Mansion is often quoted. It was a carefully tended garden. Tulips, hollyhocks, jessamine besides curious plants beautified the place. But the Hancock, like many of the other fine gardens of Boston, is no longer in existence.

FAMOUS SALEM GARDENS

The old-fashioned garden of New England reached its highest development in Salem, Massachusetts. John Endicott, the first



FLOWERS OF OLDEN TIME

In the garden of Indian Hill, West Newbury, Mass. Originally this garden contained only white flowers, but other colors have been added.



AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

This garden of Mrs. Charles Perry, at the Knapp Estate, Newburyport, Mass., was laid out about 1800

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governor of the colony, has been termed the pioneer of garden culture in New England. On his extensive grounds (now in Danvers) he planted the daisy imported from England known today as the white weed, and the Dyer's weed, or Woad Waxen. The latter spread and flourished until it became a menace to the farmer, covering the hillside with brilliant yellow flowers.

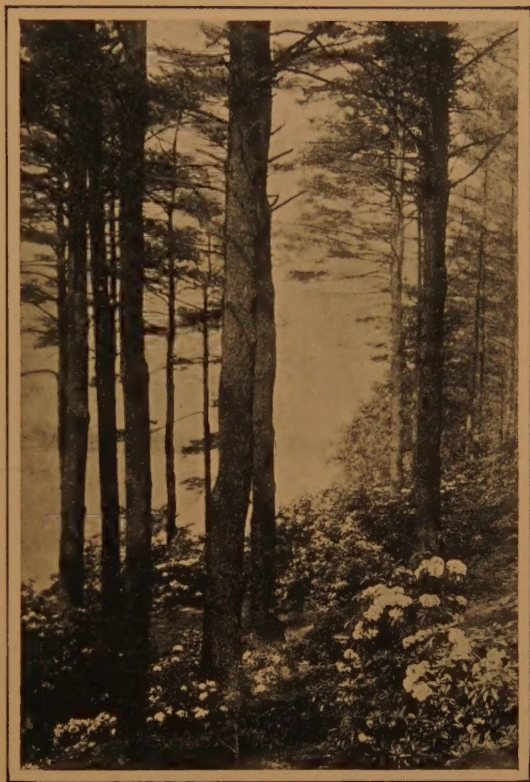
When General Gage took up his headquarters at Danvers, in the old Hooper house, now known as "The Lindens," there was a beautiful garden at the rear. This was reached through a one path walk, which ended in a summerhouse at the farther end. This garden within the last few years has been restored to its original design, and is today bright with many descendants of the same flowers that were there when General Gage enjoyed it.

A hundred years ago, Joseph Cabot laid out at the rear of his house, built in 1748, one of Salem's most wonderful gardens. He imported from Holland thousands of bulbs. During the tulip season it was visited by hundreds of persons. This became a festive time in the historic town. In all New England there was never a more beautiful display than the thousands of tulips that were in blossom here in the Spring.

The old Saltonstall garden hidden behind a high wall, as were most of the Salem gardens, is reached through an archway covered with vines. It still retains the old time box borders. The central feature is a green arbor of peculiar design that stands midway down the garden path. Here grow wonderful peonies, many of which are the original plants.

The design of the Hoffman garden, which was laid out in the early part of the nineteenth century, has been kept by the present mistress, who loves the flowers no less than the first owners who planted them. In the garden the first camelias were grown, one of the plants being still alive and showing every season an abundance of bloom. There were gorgeous specimens of the New Holland acacia and the smilax which has grown for the first time in New England.

Joseph Peabody, whose vessels at one time circumnavigated the globe, bought an estate in Danvers about 1812. In front of the house his son,



WILD LAUREL

On the estate of Frederick S. Mosely, at West Newbury, Mass.
This natural garden is over one hundred years old

Francis Peabody, laid out a charming garden, for which he designed a unique summer-house. Just beyond is another famous garden—that of Elias Haskett Derby.

The Derby garden was one of the most famous in New England. It was noted for its rare fruits and flowers, and for a lily pond which was an unusual feature in those days. Many rare bulbs and plants were imported. Here blossomed the first night-blooming cereus, the *Cereus Grandifloris*, not the flat leaved cactus commonly called by that name. This garden was formal in its arrangement. One of the summer-houses, the work of McIntyre of Salem, is particularly beautiful. A singular feature of this garden was a thatched hermitage concealed beneath a weeping willow. Within, a pallet of straw, some broken furniture and the life-sized effigy of a man appearing to read from a prayer-book afforded a surprise to the visitor.

Another famous Salem Garden was laid out in 1822 by Robert Manning, one of the most enterprising and successful fruit cultivators in America. Hawthorne loved to come here and wander up and down the box-bordered paths, drawing inspirations for many a story from the trees and flowers. The orchard contained two thousand fruit trees.

GARDENS OF NEWBURY

One of the horticulturists who did much to improve Salem gardens was George Huessler, a German, who had served his apprenticeship in gardens of the German nobility. His first work was done in Newburyport for John Tracy, who had a fine residence on High Street. A feature of this garden is its flagging of large irregular stones, now moss grown, which form a court-yard just back of the house. The box-bordered posy beds are filled with the same kind of flowers that were planted when the garden was first laid out. The grounds were laid out in terraces. Many



A FINE ROW OF RHODODENDRONS
On the estate of Charles Sargent at Brockton, Mass.



SUN-DIAL AT "THE LINDENS"
The Francis Peabody Mansion,
Danvers, Mass.

of the flowers were cultivated in hot beds that covered part of the grounds. Baron de Talleyrand speaks of it in his second volume of travel. More famous is the garden at Indian Hill, West Newbury. The estate on which this garden is situated was the last tract of land conveyed by the Indians to the town of Newbury. This was assigned by the Indian called "Great Tom" in 1650, and since that time it has been occupied by the Poore family.



ENGLISH SUN-DIAL
Brought from England to the garden of Mrs. J. C. Rogers, at Oak Hill, Peabody, Mass.

This garden was laid out in terraces, and it was originally known as the "White Garden," for nothing was allowed to grow there but white flowers. The owner had a particular fondness for white, and cultivated, as well as white flowers, a flock of white pigeons, a flock of white sheep, and a herd of white cattle. In this garden grew the white candytuft used for edging, the narcissus, the snowflake, and the Star of Bethlehem. The deutzia and spiraeas also flourished. Today we find there all the old-fashioned flowers popular a century ago. The same gardener laid out the Moulton gardens in Newbury.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GARDENS

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has always been celebrated for its gardens. The Ladds, the Sherburnes, the Wendells, the Wentworths and other families took pride and pleasure in their flowers. The garden of the Barrett-Wendell house, built in 1798, belongs to a later period than the mansion; but, though not "Colonial," is still "old-fashioned" and quaint.

Martha Hilton, the little serving-maid, who married Governor Bennington Wentworth in the old Wentworth house at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, doubtless loved the garden that belonged to the estate. This is simple in plan and contains the same kinds of flowers



THE STARK GARDEN

At Dumbarton, Mass. This garden has been kept practically as it was in the days of Molly Stark

that grew in the gardens of the Colonial days.

Here cinnamon pinks were a feature of the border. Behind them bloomed masses of bachelor buttons, four o'clocks, poppies, and Sweet William. Under the trees, ferns, lilies-of-the-valley, and rockeries, filled with wild flowers transplanted from the woods, beautified the shady place.

Another famous Massachusetts garden was the one planted by Sir Henry Frankland for Agnes Surriage at Hopkinton. Tradition says the first lilacs known to New England were seen here. Records of many flowers imported, among them daffodils and tulips, show how people of that day loved to cultivate flowers. Like Martha Hilton, Agnes Surriage began life as a servant and captivated the fancy of a wealthy gentleman of fashion. Unfortunately, this garden is now only a memory.



WHITTIER'S GARDEN

In this garden at Oak Hill, Danvers, Mass., the poet loved to walk and muse. The fountain in the center was a gift from him to Mrs. Johnson, who lives there now



EMERSON'S GRAPE ARBOR

In the background may be seen the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Concord, Mass.

TOPIARIAN GARDENS

At the close of the seventeenth century tree-sculpture became the fashion in England. Trees and shrubs were cut into all kinds of grotesque shapes according to the whims of the topiary, as the tree-sculptor was called. Topiarian culture was also practiced in American gardens of the period, particularly in the Southern States, where box was chiefly used. A good example of this style of gardening is exhibited at Wellesley by Mr. Hunnewell, who conceived an idea many years ago of laying out his estate as an Italian garden in which topiary effects would be the charm. The gleaming marble steps make a fine contrast with the green of the trees. "It was after a visit to Elvaston, nearly fifty years ago," Mr. Hunnewell writes, "that I

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conceived the idea of making a collection of trees for topiary work, in imitation of what I had witnessed at that celebrated estate. As suitable trees for that purpose could not be obtained at the nurseries in this country, and as the English yew is not reliable in our New England climate, I was obliged to make the best selection possible from such trees as had proved hardy here—the pines, spruces, hemlocks, junipers, arbovitae, cedars and Japanese retinosporas. The trees were all very small and for the first twenty years their growth was shortened twice annually, causing them to take a close and compact habit, comparing favorably in that respect with the yew. Many of them are now more than forty feet in height and sixty feet in circumference, the hemlocks especially, proving successful.” This, of course, is not an old garden but it is interesting enough to be considered in this article.

Everyone loves a garden. An old writer remarks: “There is not one of woman born without a sense of pleasure when he sees buds bursting into leaf; earth yielding green shoots from germs in its warm bosom; white



THE WALK AND THE FANTASTICALLY TRIMMED TREES
At Wellesley Gardens, Wellesley, Mass.

fruit blossoms tinted with rose blushes, standing out in clumps from slender branches; flowers courting the look by their varied loveliness and smell; large, juicy apples bowing down the shoots from which they spring; plants of giant growth with multiform shrubs beyond; and hollyhocks towering like painted pinnacles from hidden shrines.”

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

OLD TIME GARDENS *By Alice Morse Earle*

Colonial gardens, old-fashioned flowers, flowering trees and fruit trees, and much quaint flower lore and quotations from old writers.

SUN-DIALS AND ROSES OF YESTERDAY *By Alice Morse Earle*

This is a companion volume to the above. It contains much interesting information.

AMERICAN GARDENS *By G. Lowell*

This is a collection of choice plates depicting beautiful gardens, with introduction and sketch-plans of the gardens represented.

HISTORIC HOMES OF NEW ENGLAND *By Mary Harrod Northend*

A beautifully illustrated book describing private ancestral homes, architecturally interesting and of historical note.



We have heard again from Sergeant Bell. You remember that we printed a letter a month ago that we had received from the trenches in France. The writer was an officer in the 10th Highland Light Infantry, and he asked for *The Mentor*. We sent it to him. Now he writes in acknowledgment of it:

"Very many thanks for sending me the copies of *The Mentor*. In this trench warfare we have, of course, some time to ourselves which, during the winter, is spent mostly in reading.

"A few old magazines, papers, etc., generally, find their way to the zone of hostilities. I said to myself, why read stuff that will be of no use to you? That's the reason that I wrote you the letter requesting a few copies of *The Mentor*.

"I can safely say that *The Mentor* has afforded me much pleasure. To me everything that one learns from *The Mentor* is imprinted firmly in the mind by the beautiful gravures.

"About myself. I have been in and out of the trenches now for over ten months. During that period I have never even had a day's illness. Was at Loos and Ypres, but was lucky enough not to get hit at all.

"The weather here has been very bad this last three weeks past. Thanks to our being well clothed and well fed, we do not feel it too much.

"Will now close with best wishes from your readers here.

"Sincerely yours, H. George Bell."

We have often been asked for an index. After having issued more than 100 *Mentors*, we decided that it was time to make one. The work was assigned to an expert who had indexed many books in the course of years. But *The Mentor* was a new experience. When the work was not completed on the date arranged, I made inquiry and got the following letter:

"Blame me not for the delay. The conditions are extraordinary. I do not suppose anyone, even the editors, have taken in *The Mentor*, as a whole, as I have in the past two weeks. My brain is fairly loaded with the condensed information that I have absorbed. Perhaps it might interest you to know some of the features

of your extraordinary publication as they appear to the indexer. The first thing that impressed me when I began the work was the unique and original character of *The Mentor*. It is neither a magazine nor a book. It is an entirely original product and a novel one for an indexer.

The *Mentors* are separate units, each one treating a single subject and having a paging of its own. Yet there is a unity about the whole *Mentor* plan because the numbers are related to each other as part of one broad scheme. The information in *The Mentor* is condensed and every sentence is important. The articles are written by authors of experience and authority and they waste no words. Accordingly, the indexer has to watch every phrase carefully to make sure that no points are missed. Then, too, *The Mentor* covers a very wide range of topics, and it is important that the index should give a reader all the different references to a topic that can be found in the various numbers. And, finally, a contributing cause to the delay has been the fact that *The Mentor* is very enticing to the indexer. I have found in the course of years of experience that I could, in many cases, skim pages very rapidly and yet get all that was necessary for an index. In the case of *The Mentor* I have found the material so closely woven and the information so compact that I have paused many times in the course of the work to read a page. This is especially true of your monographs on the backs of the pictures. Before I had gone long in the work I found it best to read the monographs through completely for their own sake before I indexed them. And so you must blame *The Mentor* if I have taken more time than was contemplated. The index will be finished in a few days—and when it is *I shall be sorry.*"

The work has been well done and the index is now ready. It covers the numbers from 1 to 107 and is uniform in size and style to *The Mentor*. Copies will be sent to any address upon receipt of twenty-five cents. Better get this index. It will add to the value of your *Mentor* file.

W. D. Moffat
EDITOR



Historic Gardens of New England

THE HOFFMAN GARDEN, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

Monograph Number One in The Mentor Reading Course

"The Naiad-like lily of the vale
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green.

"And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense.

"And the jessamine faint and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms, from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime."

—Shelley.



OME of the most charming gardens in New England occur in the old towns, and do not occupy a great deal of ground. Salem abounds in such gardens, where every inch of space has been made to serve a decorative purpose. A comparatively modern example for this town of Colonial residences is the Hoffman garden, represented on the reverse. It was laid out in the early days of the Nineteenth Century and the design has never been altered. The arbor, which is completely canopied with the "Dutchman's Pipe," is a striking feature. The eye is instantly attracted to the luxuriant mass of broad leaves that afford a delightful shade. The splendid peonies also appear to advantage in the picture. Some fine varieties of tulips and other flowers that still bloom here were imported by the owner of this garden in his own ships. At the end of the garden stands the original greenhouse, in which were grown smilax and azaleas, novelties to New England in the early nineteenth century.

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THE MOULTON GARDEN, NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

Monograph Number Two in The Mentor Reading Course

"Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-william with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening star."
—Matthew Arnold.



SOON after arriving in the new country the Puritans who belonged to the colony of Massachusetts Bay discovered the fine and pleasant harbor of the Merrimac River, and in 1635 made a settlement in what is now Newburyport. The Colony of Massachusetts Bay was quite distinct from the Plymouth Colony, for "the greater majority of the immigrants," to quote a contemporary writer, "were well-to-do in the world, and there were some of wealth and high social position." They brought in their member clergymen, physicians, magistrates, military officers, mechanics and others possessed of horses, cattle and other property. They were headed by Governor John Winthrop; and, to use the words of Bishop Warburton, "the interests of liberty were conducted and supported by a set of the greatest geniuses for government that the world ever saw embarked together in a common cause." The principal settlement was made at Boston, and others followed in the vicinity. Nearly forty miles north on the Atlantic coast a group of these colonists founded Newbury. This settlement attracted men of distinction, among them Edward Rawson, who was Secretary of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay from 1650 to 1686. Another early settler was William Moulton, whose ancestor plays a conspicuous part in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "The Talisman." William Moulton built Moulton Hill in Newbury in 1683. His descendant, sixth in line, planted the garden that appears on the reverse of this sheet. He had the aid of an English gardener, who had recently come to Newbury. The charming old garden has never been changed; and many of its shrubs and flowers, as well as its box-borders, have been growing here for about a century. Here, of course, flourish such old favorites as larkspur, foxgloves, pinks, roses, tulips, pansies, and lilies; and visitors are shown, with special pride, a large purple rhododendron at the end of the garden that has bloomed every year since the garden was planted, having outlived several generations of Moultons.



Historic Gardens of New England

THE WENDELL GARDEN, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Monograph Number Three in The Mentor Reading Course

"The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'"

—Tennyson.



THE Wendell Garden in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, appears on the reverse of this sheet. It belongs to the house that was built by Jeremiah Hill in 1789 and purchased in 1816 by Jacob Wendell, a descendant of the old family that came to New Amsterdam in 1640. Mr. Wendell was a merchant, engaged in trade with the West Indies and Russia. He acquired a fortune. His home was filled with choice furniture and his garden with beautiful flowers. Here the walks are of brick, and the square, triangular and oblong beds are enclosed in wooden frames.

It has been the home for some years of Professor Bargett Wendell of Harvard University, who has preserved the old-fashioned charm of his ancestral garden in which many flowers have blossomed every season for a hundred years and more.

But although a garden may not have been changed for a century with regard to its form and the character of its productions, a garden is never the same for two consecutive hours. An old writer has noted this fact very charmingly. "A well-ordered garden," he tells us, "is like a shifting kaleidoscope. Be in it when we will—at noon, or eve, or sultry mid-day, in any week or month of the gliding year, in sunshine or in cloud—it will never be exactly as it was, even a short hour before. A subtle change has come to pass, a new charm is ready to greet us at every turn. It is just this ever-changing element that makes the dressing and the keeping of it a labor of love."



Historic Gardens of New England

THE PEABODY GARDEN, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

Monograph Number Four in The Mentor Reading Course

"For ever may roses divinely blow
And wine-dark pansies charm
By the prim box path where I felt the glow
Of her dimpled, trusting arm,
And the sweep of her silk as she turn'd and smiled
A smile as fair as her pearls;
The breeze was in love with the darling child
As it moved her curls.

"She show'd me her ferns and woodbine sprays,
Foxglove and jasmine stars,
A mist of blue in the beds, a blaze
Of red in the celadon jars:
And velvety bees in convolvulus beds,
And roses of bountiful June—
Oh, who would think that the summer spells
Could die so soon!"

—Frederick Locker.



FROM 1783 to his death in 1844, Captain Peabody was one of the big merchants of Salem. His ships were found in all parts of the world. He built and owned eighty-three vessels, all of which he freighted. He shipped more than seven thousand seamen. Naturally, therefore, "Peabody's Wharf" in Salem was one of the most important places in the town. Having amassed a splendid fortune, Captain Peabody could well afford a fine residence; and a fine residence in his day was always accompanied by a fine garden.

The Peabody Garden of Salem is famous. Possibly it is more beautiful to-day than when it was younger; for gardens, like violins, books, wine and friends, mellow with age if cared for properly. Captain Joseph Peabody's son, Francis, made many improvements in this garden, which delights every one who has the good fortune to behold it. Such a garden was made for daytime musings, for moonlight strolls, for poets and for lovers. This is the kind of garden that Frederick Locker sings of in his exquisite *Garden Idyl*.

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Historic Gardens of New England

LONGFELLOW'S GARDEN, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Monograph Number Five in The Mentor Reading Course

"In all places and at all seasons
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

—Longfellow.



HE two verses above are from Longfellow's "Flowers," the first poem he wrote in Craigie House. "I wrote this poem," he noted in his diary, "on the 3rd of October, 1837, to send with a bouquet of autumnal flowers. I still remember the great delight I took in its composition and the bright sunshine that streamed in at the southern windows as I walked to and fro, pausing ever and anon to note down my thoughts."

Soon after entering upon the duties of his Harvard professorship, Longfellow took rooms in Craigie House, Cambridge, celebrated as having been the headquarters of General Washington during the siege of Boston. It was built in 1759 by Colonel John Vassall, and was one in the series of houses on Brattle Street, known as "Tory Row." In 1792 the "Vassall House" was bought by Andrew Craigie, who had been an apothecary for the Revolutionary army. He lived here in great style, but ran through his money, leaving his widow in straitened circumstances. The stately lady (who wore turbans and read Voltaire to the horror of her neighbors), was forced to take lodgers. Longfellow took up his abode here in 1837, little thinking that one day the mansion would come to be his (through his second wife, whose father, Mr. Appleton, bought it in 1843). The fine old garden, with its box-bordered flower beds, dates from the eighteenth century, and was beautified by Longfellow. The poet was fond of walking and musing in it, and watching the procession of the seasons from year to year. Here he wrote his *one* love poem. In his journal, under date of October 30, 1845, we read: "The Indian summer still in its glory. Wrote the sonnet, Hesperus, in the rustic seat of the old apple-tree."

This poem, beginning: "Lo, in the painted oriel of the West," is addressed to his wife, and was afterwards called "The Evening Star."

Of all flowers in the Longfellow grounds, the lilacs are the most famed. The bushes have attained a great height, and present in spring a mass of purple and white blossoms,—the pride of the entire town.



THE DERBY GARDEN, SALEM, MASS

Historic Gardens of New England

THE DERBY GARDEN, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

Monograph Number Six in The Mentor Reading Course

"And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,
Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flow'rets which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew."

—Shelley.



LIAS HASKETT DERBY (1739-1799) was one of the merchant princes of America. He has been called "the father of American commerce." At an early age he entered his father's counting-house in Salem, had charge of the wharves, and made many improvements in ship-building. At the beginning of the Revolutionary War he warmly espoused the cause of the Colonists, and not only contributed a great part of the supplies for the army, but furnished the French fleet with coal and the American troops with boats. As the war progressed he established ship-yards and built a class of vessels superior in size, model and speed to any previously launched in the Colonies. In 1784 he sent the "Grand Turk" to the Cape of Good Hope and Canton, and opened up trade with "Far Cathay." Moreover, in 1791, he gave \$10,000 to the Navy of the United States established by President John Adams. Naturally the home of such a pillar of the nation is of interest. His house in Salem was furnished with every luxury known to the period, and with many articles brought from the Orient. Not less famous was the garden, which has been little changed. One of its features is a summer-house (see reverse), which is a fine example of the work of Samuel McIntyre, a noted craftsman of Salem. The building is two stories and a half high, and is painted white with green blinds. The exterior shows pilasters and festoons and delicate carving. On the roof were placed four graceful urns, and at one end of the ridgepole the figure of a farmer whetting his scythe is still to be seen. The companion figure, representing a milkmaid with her pail, which stood at the rear, has been lost. Entering through the latticed door the visitor enters a small hallway, which, in turn, gives entrance to a staircase that leads to the room above. This room is about sixteen feet square and has eight windows. Four cupboards are filled with beautiful old pieces of china, Japanese lanterns are suspended from the ceiling, and the furniture is old and handsome. A delightful view of the garden is obtained from the second floor of this handsome little building, where the terraces, box-bordered beds and walks, lovely old-fashioned flowers and masses of roses charm the eye.

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